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We have already stated that the corner stone of the Monument to the Mother of Washington was laid at Fredericksburg on the 6th instant.

Address of the Chairman of the Monumental Committee to the President of the United States at the laying of the Corner Stone of the Monument to the Mother of Washington.

In the name of the Monumental Committee, I present you, General, the plate which is intended to distinguish that stone just adjusted by the Master of the Lodge as the corner stone of this pile.

Such is our constitution that the strongest appeals to our better feelings is through the medium of our grosser faculties. Thus Monuments are lasting incentives to those who view them, to imitate the virtues they commemorate, and attain, by their life and spirit, Glory and Honour.

To which the President replied as follows: Sir—To you, and to your colleagues of the Monumental Committee, I return my acknowledgments for the kind sentiments you have expressed towards me, and for the flattering terms in which they have been conveyed.

We are assembled, fellow-citizens, to witness and to assist in an interesting ceremony. More than a century has passed away, since he, to whom this tribute of respect is about to be paid, entered upon the active scenes of life.

In the grave before us lie the remains of his mother. Long has it been unmarked by any monumental tablet, but not unhonored. You have undertaken the pious duty of erecting a column to her memory and of inscribing upon it the simple, but affecting words, "MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON."

They are tributes of respect to the dead, but they convey practical lessons of virtue and wisdom to the living. The mother and son are beyond the reach of human applause.

The address which we have heard, portrays in just colors this most estimable woman. Tradition says, that the character of Washington was aided and strengthened, if not formed, by the care and precepts of his mother.

In tracing the few recollections, which can be gathered of her principles and conduct, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that these were closely interwoven with the destiny of her son.

How important to the females of our country are these reminiscences of the early life of Washington, and of the maternal care of her upon whom its future course depended.

Fellow citizens—This district of country gave birth to Washington. The ancient Commonwealth, within whose borders we are assembled from every portion of this happy and flourishing Union, renowned as she is for her institutions, for her devotion to the cause of freedom and for her services and sacrifices to promote it, and for the eminent men she has sent forth to aid our country with heart and hand, in peace and war, presents a claim still stronger than these upon the gratitude of her sister States in the birth and life of Washington.

The living witnesses of his public and private life will soon follow him to the tomb. Already a second and a third generation are upon the theatre of action, and the men and the events of the Revolution, and of the interesting period between it and the firm establishment of the present Constitution, must ere long live only in the pages of history.

Fellow citizens—at your request, and in your name I now deposit this plate in the spot destined for it—and upon this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the memory of the Mother of Washington.

THE STRANGER.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT. By Henry G. Bell.

"In nobil sangue vita unile e queta, Ed in alto intelletto un puro core; Frutto senile in sul giovenil fiore, E in aspetto penso so anima lieta."

Hodnet is a village in Shropshire. Like all other villages in Shropshire, or any where else, it consists principally of one long street, with a good number of detached houses scattered here and there in its vicinity.

One evening in February, the mail from London stopped at the Blue Boar, and a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak came out. The guard handed him a small portmanteau, and the mail drove on.

"You call this village Hodnet, do you not?" said he, inquiringly. "Yes, sir, this is the town of Hodnet." (Mr. Cherryripe did not like the term "village.")

"So much the better," said the stranger, smiling. "You and I shall become better friends. I may stay with you for some weeks, perhaps months."

Next day was Sunday. The bells of the village church had just finished ringing when the stranger walked up the aisle, and entered as at random, a pew which happened to be vacant.

"Who is he?" "When did he come?" "With whom does he stay?" "How long will he be here?"

A few days elapsed, and the stranger was almost forgotten; for there was to be a subscription assembly in Hodnet, which engrossed entirely the minds of men. It was one of the most important events that had happened for at least a century.

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Enjoyment was at its height, and the three professional fiddlers had put a spirit of life into all things, when suddenly one might perceive that the merriment was for a moment checked, whilst a more than usual bustle pervaded the room.

renewed curiosity, which was at first slightly tinged with awe.

"Who can he be?" was the question that instantaneously started up like a cresset in many a throbbing bosom.

"Dance!" said Miss Coffin, the apothecary's daughter, "I wonder who would dance with him? a being whom we know no more about than we do of the man in the moon, Papa says he looks for all the world like a quack doctor."

"I rather expect," said Miss Blubite, a starch spinster of fifty, who was considered the Madame de Stael of the village—I rather suspect that he is an Irish fortune-hunter, come for the express purpose of running away with some of us. We ought to be upon our guard, I assure you.

Miss Blubite was said to have property to the amount of seventy pounds per annum, and so no doubt, concluded that she was herself the leading object of the adventurer's machinations.

For a long time the stranger stood aloof from the dancers in a corner by himself, and people were almost beginning to forget his presence. But he was not idle; he was observing attentively every group and every individual, that passed before him.

At length, however, a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams. His eye fell on Emily Sommers, and appeared to rest where it fell with no small degree of pleasure.

"You and I shall become better friends. I may stay with you for some weeks, perhaps months. In the mean time get me something comfortable for supper, and desire your wife to look after my bedroom."

and a long-remembered grief" throws its shadowy gloom, over a few fond hearts.

It was to Emily Sommers that the stranger first spoke. He walked right across the room, and asked her to dance with him. Emily had never seen him before, but concluding that he had come there with some of her friends, and little acquainted with the rules of etiquette, she immediately, with a frank artlessness, smiled an acceptance of his request.

It was the custom in Hodnet for the gentlemen to employ the morning of the succeeding day in paying their respects to the ladies with whom they had danced the previous evening. At these visits all the remarkable events of the ball were of course talked over.

What! admit as a visitor in her family a person whom she had never seen in her life before, and who, for any thing she knew, might be a swindler or a Jew?

But whether it was strange or not, the fact is, that the stranger soon spent most of his time at Violet Cottage; and what is perhaps, no less wonderful, notwithstanding his apparent intimacy, he remained nearly as much a stranger to its inmates as ever.

nitely superior to all the men she had ever seen, that she was only obeying the dictates of reason in admiring and esteeming him.

Her admiration and esteem continued to increase in proportion as she became better acquainted with him, and these sentiments seemed to be mutual. He now spent his time almost continually in her society, and it never hung heavy on her hands.

Spring flew rapidly on. March, with her winds and her clouds, passed away; April, with her showers and her sunshine, lingered no longer; and May came smiling up the blue sky, scattering her roses over the green surface of creation.

"It is from my cousin," said she. "His regiment has returned from France, and he is to be with us tomorrow or next day. We shall be so glad to see him! You have often heard us talk of Henry? he and I were playmates when we were children, and though it is a long while since we parted, I am sure I should know him again among a hundred."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, almost starting; "you must have loved him very much, and very constantly too?"

"O yes! I loved him as a brother." Burleigh breathed more easily. "I am sure you will love him too," Emily added.

"Every body whom you love, and who loves you, I also must love, Miss Sommers. But your cousin I shall not at present see. I must leave Hodnet tomorrow."

"To-morrow! leave Hodnet to-morrow!" Emily grew very pale, and leant for support upon a sundial near which they were standing.

"Good heavens! that emotion—can it be possible!"—Miss Sommers—Emily—is it for me you are thus grieved?"

"It is so sudden," said Emily, "so unexpected;—are you never to return again—are we never to see you more?"

"Oh how can you ask it?" "Emily, I have been known to you only under a cloud of mystery—a solitary being without a friend or acquaintance in the world—an outcast apparently from society—either sinned against or sinning—without fortune, without pretensions,—and with all these disadvantages to contend with, how can I suppose that I am indebted to any thing but your pity for the kindness you have shown to me?"

"Pity! pity you! O Frederick! do not wrong yourself thus. No! though you were a thousand times less worthy than I know you are, I should not pity. I should—"

She stopped confused, a deep blush spread over her face; she burst into tears, and would have sunk to the ground had not her lover caught her in his arms.

"Think of me thus," he whispered, "till we meet again, and we may both be happy."

"O! I will think of thee thus forever!" They had reached the door of the cottage.

"God bless you! Emily," said the stranger. "I dare not see Mrs. Sommers; tell her of my departure; but tell her, that ere autumn has faded into winter, I shall again be here. Farewell, dearest, farewell!"

She left upon her cheek a hot and hurried kiss, and when she ventured to look round, he was gone!

Henry arrived next day, but there was a gloom upon the spirits of both mother and daughter, which it took some time to dispel. Mrs. Sommers felt for Emily more than for herself. She now perceived that her child's future happiness depended more upon the honour of the stranger than she had hitherto been aware, and she trembled to think of the probability that, in the busy world, he might soon forget the very existence of such a place as Hodnet, or any of its inhabitants.

And so there was; for the mail once more stopped at the Blue Boar; a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak, once more came out of it; and Mr. Gilbert Cherryripe once more poked the fire for him in his best parlour. Burleigh did come back.

I shall not describe their meeting, nor inquire whether Emily's eye was long without its lustre. But there was still another trial to be made. Would she marry him?

"My family," said he, "is respectable, and as it is not wealth we seek, I have an independence, at least equal I should hope to our wishes; but any thing else which you may think mysterious about me, I cannot unravel until you are indiscoverably mine."